

The Spanish LADY'S Love.

To a pleasant new Tune, &c.

V. 28

Licensed and Entered according to Order.



Will you hear a Spanish Lady,
how she woo'd an English Man,
Garments gay as rich as may be,
bedekt with jewels had she on;
Of a comely countenance
and grace was she;
Both by birth and parentage
of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
in his hands her life did lye;
Cupid's hands did tye them faster
by the liking of an eye:
In his courteous company
was all her joy;
To labour him in any thing
she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
for to let all Ladies free,
With their jewels still adorne'd,
none to do them injury.

Then said this Lady gay,
Full woe is me;
Let me still sustain this kind
captivity.

Gallant Captain, take some pity
on a woman in distress;
Leave me not within this city,
for to dye in heaviness;
Thou hast set this present day
my body free,
But my heart in prison still
remains with thee.

How shouldst thou, fair Lady, love
whom thou know'st thy Country?
Thy fair words make me suspect thee,
serpents lye where flowers grow.
All the harm I think on thee,
most courteous Knight,
God grant upon my head the same
may fully light.

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28
Blessed be the time and season
that thou came on Spanish ground ;
If you may our loves be termed,
gentle loves we have you found :
With our City you have won
our hearts each one,
Then to your Country bear away
that is your own.

Rest you still, most gallant Lady,
rest you still and weep no more,
Of fair flowers you have plenty,
Spain both yield you wondrous store.
Spaniards fraught with jealousy
we oft do find,
But English Men throughout the world
are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
thou alone enjoy'st my heart,
I am lovely, young and tender,
love is likewise my desert :
So ill to leave thee day and night,
my mind is prest ;
The wife of every English Man
is counted blest.

It would be a shame fair Lady,
for to leave a woman hence,
English soldiers never carry
any such without offence.
I will quickly change myself,
if it be so,
And like a page will follow thee
where e'er thou go.

I have neither gold nor silver
to maintain thee in this case,
And to travel is great charges,
as you know in every place.
My chains and jewels every one
shall be thy own,
And eke an hundred pound in gold,
that lies unknown.

On the seas are many dangers,
many storms do there arise,
Which will be to Ladies dreadful,
and joye tears from watry eyes.

Well in worth I shall endure
extreamly,
For I could find in heart to lose
my life for thee.

Courteous Lady, leave this folly,
here comes all that breeds the strife,
I in England have already
a sweet woman to my wife ;
I will not forsake my bow
for gold nor gain,
For yet for all the fairest Dames
that live in Spain.

O how happy is that woman
that enjoys so true a friend,
Many happy days God send her,
and of my suit I'll make an end :
On my knees I pardon crave
for my offence,
Which love and true affection
did first commence :

Commend me to that gallant Lady,
bear to her this chain of gold,
With these bracelets for a token,
grieving that I was so bold ;
All my jewels in like sort
take thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife,
but not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer,
love and all her laws desire,
In a Sunnery I will shew'd me,
far from any company :
But e'er my prayer have an end,
be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love,
I will not miss.

Thus farewell most gallant Captain,
farewel to my heart's content ;
Count not Spanish Ladies wanton,
though to thee my mind was bent :
Joy and true prosperity
remain with thee.
The like fall unto thy share,
most fair Lay.

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